

Postal savings banks are another good thing to push along.

Senator Platt seems to have proved once more the old saw about Mae and December.

Another unpleasant feature of the Barie incident is that it reminds us of the Merran incident.

Cheer up. The Baltimore American says "the cold frost of impenetrable truth will ever kill a flowering lie."

Short sleeves cost a New York girl a husband. Who would suppose short sleeves contained so much material?

A Washington paper says the new \$10 bill is very beautiful. To most people any kind of \$10 bill is beautiful.

The Russian wheat crop is a failure. Russia's troubles are equaled only by those which continue to pester San Francisco.

The ancient method of torturing the accused to force confession seems to have been adapted to the jury to compel verdicts.

A French electrical scientist has discovered a means of transmitting energy without wires. Perhaps the tramp problem is solved.

An esteemed contemporary is called the Sartorial Art Journal. As it is devoted to fit, the choice of the name may be understood.

Bishop Foster says that war will last as long as the world lasts. If what Sherman said of war is true, it will last through eternity.

A correspondent of one of our contemporaries writes asking how one may have beautiful hands. Some people get them by juggling with the cards.

Says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "It is better to be charitable than rich—and you can't be both." The great majority, it seems, are finding it hard to be either.

A scientist says he has discovered the germ of laziness, but can't find anything that will destroy it. Perhaps he hasn't tried hard enough. The germ may have subdued him.

Encouraged by the naturalists and government bulletins defenders of the crow are spreading up in all parts of the country. No one has suggested, however, that the crow is good eating.

A Highmore (S. D.) municipal ordinance prohibits young men and women from "loitering on the steps of any church building or doorway for the purpose of eating candy or peanuts." This is likely to break some young people of the habit of going to church.

A critic has discovered in four short poems in one magazine the words, "duncheon," "blanched," "skellock," "bever," "streptuous," and "ridling." When we look at the size of the dictionary to-day it looks as if anyone who would invent new words ought to be sent to the penitentiary.

Canadian government experts who have been prospecting in the Yukon region have lately announced that more than sixty million dollars' worth of gold still remains in the valley, but that careful mining methods will be required to extract it. The superficial methods employed in the past have produced nearly a hundred and twenty millions. This, of course, applies to the Canadian Yukon region.

The British youth of the present generation is not in quite so bad a way as the recent discussions of physical deterioration would indicate. Attention was lately called to the interesting condition revealed by a study of the measurements of the school boys at Marlborough for the past twenty years.

The 14-year-old boys of 1906 are five pounds heavier and one and one-half inches taller than the boys of the same age in 1886, and the 16-year-old boys are eight pounds heavier and three-fourths of an inch taller. A batter who provides hats for the boys in six schools says that a few years ago he rarely was asked for a hat twenty-one and a half inches in circumference, but now he is frequently called upon for hats an inch larger. It is not at all unlikely that the revelation of the poor physique of the British youth that followed the Boer war recruiting aroused parents to a sense of the importance of getting their boys into the fresh air, where they could take a proper amount of wholesome exercise.

Ransack history from Eden to Chicago and Los Angeles and you will find few great men and fewer good men whose cradles were not rocked by a white-entled woman. Turn all the vile pages of history and you will find few men of brutal instincts and degraded lives whose cradles were rocked by a woman of clear intelligence, of high ideals and of ripe wisdom, says the Los Angeles Times. Polite really the source of human society at the fountain head, motherhood, and you may build a school house on every crossroads; you may endow colleges with the wealth of all the mines in the world; you may fill the chairs of philosophy and science with prodigies of genius; you may make your cities like thickest woods with church steeples, and fill their pulpits with men whose tongues are fire. Do all that, but you will not arrest the race in its downward course in vice and degradation. Unless the mothers of the race lay the foundations of character, unless the sisters of the men set before their eyes a constant picture of purity and self-devotion, and make virtue appear in its true attractiveness, and unless wives hold up before our eyes some reflex of the angelic qualities of the soul which

makes the human reflect the image of the divine, all your accessories of civilization are in vain and all efforts must fail. The bestial in the race must assert itself and drag us down to wallow in the mire of all uncleanness unless we are guided by the gentle touch of a white hand with a woman's love of all that is pure and of good repute beating in every vibration of the heart which vivifies that hand.

It was explained a few days after the uncompleted span of the bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec fell recently that the accident occurred because the span was too heavily loaded with structural material at its outer end. The span had been built over the river one hundred and eighty feet from the pier with no support. Even though the average person may have a general knowledge of the principles on which such a span is constructed, he always wonders that it does not fall of its own weight. Engineers were afraid that it would fall until a bridge was built across the gorge of the Niagara river in 1853, the first cantilever bridge in the world. Now, a cantilever is a bracket projecting from the side of a building or a pier. In a bridge two such brackets are built from adjoining piers till they come near enough together to be connected by an independent truss. In its simplest form the cantilever, or bracket, for a bridge is a series of connected triangles. The side of the pier is one side of the first triangle; a beam projecting from it at right angles is the second side, and a brace running back to the pier from the outer end of the beam is the third side. This third side forms the first side of the second triangle, and the end of the first beam is at its upper apex, and the base of the triangle is another beam extending from the lowest point of the first triangle at right angles with the pier and supported at its outer end by another beam running from the end of the first beam. As it is impossible to change the shape of a triangle so long as its sides and corners remain rigid, it is theoretically possible to extend a series of connected triangles an indefinite distance into space. All that is needed is that the supporting pier should be strong enough and that the sides of the triangles should not buckle. The chief advantage of this method of bridge construction lies in the possibility of spanning deep gorges and rapid rivers without false work to support the uncompleted structure.

Threatened Catastrophe. Expert engineers predict a catastrophe more fearful than anything that has ever happened in this country unless the conditions now obtaining and daily growing worse in the operation of the Brooklyn bridge are not corrected. So writes Eugene S. Bissell in the Technical World Magazine. Erected twenty-two years ago, before there was a cable line in the city of New York and before the trolley system of electric propulsion had been perfected, the great structure, more than a mile long, was intended for the conditions then prevalent. Cars were not expected to be run across it, except the cable lines which began operations with the opening of the bridge, and the great weight it then had to bear was not too great for the immense cables that support the roadway.

Conditions have changed and there is imminent danger that the growing strain may prove too much for even those eighteen-inch strands of steel, and that some day from five to fifteen thousand persons will be precipitated amid a mass of tangled wreckage, to the East River 135 feet below. The absolute loss of every life on the bridge at the time will be certain, and the destruction of property will total many millions of dollars. No one knows what chemical changes have taken place within those eighteen-inch cables during the past twenty-two years. They were never subjected to any tests for conditions surrounding electricity as a motive power, and electricians are at sea as to what may have occurred to weaken them.

Hiding the South Sea Surf. "I shall never forget the first big wave I caught out there in the deep water," says Jack London in the Woman's Home Companion. "I saw it coming, turned my back on it and paddled for dear life. Faster and faster my board went, until it seemed my world was off. What was happening behind me I could not tell. One cannot look behind and paddle the windmill stroke. I heard the crest of the wave hissing and churning, and then my board was lifted and flung forward. I scarcely knew what happened the first half-minute. Though I kept my eyes open, I could not see anything, for I was buried in the rushing white of the crest. But I did not mind. I was chiefly conscious of ecstatic bliss at having caught the wave. At the end of the half-minute, however, I began to see things and to breathe. I saw that three feet of the nose of my board was clear out of water and riding on the air. I shifted my weight forward and made the nose come down. Then I lay, quite at rest in the midst of the wild movement, and watched the shore and the bathers on the beach grow distinct. I didn't cover quite a quarter of a mile on that wave, because, to prevent the board from diving, I shifted my weight back, but shifting it too far, and fell down the rear slope of the wave."

Poisonous Rescues of Her Babies. Two girls at Pass Christian, Miss., recently stole eight babies from their mother, says a special dispatch to the New York World. The next night the mother crawled through a window and bore away her little ones.

Girls of sixteen think they are mighty pretty, and they are, but a little girl of six or seven, with her hair done up in a knot on top of her head, and her starched skirts sticking out all around her, can give a sixteen-year-old girl cards and spades and then beat her.

The Paying Letter. "Would you think it safe to go by the 'B' in giving an oyster supper?" "It is safer to go by the 'X'."—Baltimore American.



The majority of improved appliances designed to assist and lessen the work of the housewife are too complicated and troublesome to warrant even a trial. To gain attention they must be exceedingly simple in construction, such as the dish drainer shown here, the invention of a New York man. This dish drainer made a part of the dish pan, being hinged to the edge of one of the handles, so that it will not slip. The drainer is also in the form of a pan, having side wall to prevent the dishes falling to the ground when being drained. The water draining from the dishes descends down the inclined bottom of the drainer into the dish pan. A small upright serves to support the outer end of the drainer and raise the drainer on an incline. The drainer and dish pan can be instantly separated or readjusted.

Wedding Cake. Cream a half-pound of sugar with a half-pound of butter, and, when very light, whip in six well-beaten eggs. Stir in a half-teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves and a cupful of flour. Have ready prepared and mixed the following fruits—a half-pound each of seeded and chopped raisins and cleaned currants and a quarter-pound of minced citron. Dredge this fruit plentifully with flour and fold it into the batter. Last of all, add a tablespoonful of vanilla. Turn into a well-greased tin and bake in a steady oven until well done. Cover for the first half-hour with brown paper. When cold, ice all over with white frosting.

Turtle Soup. Chop the coarse parts of the cleaned turtle meat with the bones, cover with four quarts of cold water, add a bunch of sweet herbs, two sliced onions, pepper and salt to taste. Stew very slowly for four hours, strain and stir in the other parts of the turtle meat with the fat—both of which should have been covered with two quarts of water and allowed to simmer for an hour. Thicken all with browned flour, after putting them together, and simmer for an hour. Add forcemeat balls and the juice of a lemon. Stir well and serve.

German Pickles. One peck of green tomatoes and eight large onions. Slice and mix with a cupful of salt. Let stand five or six hours, drain and add one quart of vinegar and two quarts of water. Again drain and add two pounds of sugar and three quarts of vinegar; add two tablespoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon, ginger, allspice and mustard and a dozen finely chopped green peppers. Boil again from one to two hours, and seal in glass or earthen jars.

Chili Sauce. Peel and chop together two dozen tomatos and six small onions with two seeded red peppers. Stir in four tablespoonfuls of salt, a cup of granulated sugar, three teaspoonfuls each of ground cloves, cinnamon and allspice and a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Put into a kettle with two quarts of vinegar and boil for three hours. Set aside until cool before bottling.

Cherry Pie. Line a pieplate with good crust and half fill with ripe, stoned cherries, sprinkle over one cup sugar, a little flour and a few bits of butter; then fill in more cherries and sugar and put strips of the pastry on top. Bake in a hot oven.

Test for Eggs. To know if an egg is fresh, place it in a basin of cold water. If it remains at the bottom, it is all right; if it floats at all, it is of rather doubtful freshness; if it floats easily on the surface, you may be certain it is quite bad.

To Bake Bottom Crusts. Put in your bottom crust first and bake a light brown, then add the fruit or other filling, and you will have pies with no soggy morsel anywhere about them, says the Delicatore.

Metal Teaspoons Kept Sweet. Metal teaspoons, if disused for some time, give a nasty flavor to the tea when next used. This may be prevented by placing a lump of sugar in the teaspoon before putting away.

Short Suggestions. Egg spoons that are stained should be rubbed with damp salt before polishing. Sarcenaps should be as flat and broad as possible, so that no heat may be wasted. Place tea grounds around the roots of ferns and be rewarded with a rich growth of leaves. Frequently change the leaves. If canned pears have a flat taste, and most pears do, they will be improved by adding stick cinnamon to them while cooking.

The Fine Ash Found over the oven of a cook stove in which wood is used furnishes (when used dry) a silver polish equal to any on the market.

When the brass tops on kerosene lamps get loose, try melted alum for holding them in place. Alum must be melted over an intense heat, and it is excellent for mending purposes.

Turn your coffee mill down very tightly. Lift the hopper with granulated sugar, grind it through once or twice, or even three times, and you have an excellent powdered sugar.

Lemons will keep longer if placed in covered glass jars. By some it is said they will keep longer if the jars are filled with water. If wrapped in tissue paper and placed in bran they will last many weeks during hot weather.



First Turtle—Grandma is nearly 400 years old and has lost all her teeth. Second Turtle—Well, then, she has a soft snap.—Life.

Church—Did you ever try any of these "close to nature" methods? Gotham—Well, I've used a porous plaster!—Yonkers Statesman.

Madge—Is that writer really famous? Marjorie—He must be, my dear. I wrote to him for his autograph, and he never sent it.—Puck.

Short—There goes one of my preferred creditors. Long—Why preferred? Short—He never asks me for money.—Chicago Daily News.

She—Your last book was a success, wasn't it? He—Yes. She—The reviews were so unfavorable I was almost tempted to read it.—Life.

"Justin, here's a bill collector," called Mrs. Wyss. "All right," replied Mr. Wyss from the library. "Give him all he can carry away."—Leslie's Weekly.

First Deaf Mute—If you objected to his kissing you, why didn't you call for help? Second Deaf Mute—I couldn't. He was holding both my hands.—Harper's Weekly.

Hicks—Did you ever succeed in persuading your wife when she gets angry, to count ten before she speaks? Wicks—Yes, but she is a very rapid counter.—Somerville Journal.

"I notice that you writers use a great deal of tobacco. Does it stimulate your brains?" "I don't know. But it makes you forget that you're hungry."—Cleveland Leader.

Blanche—The most difficult thing is to make up one's mind what to take and what to leave behind. Henriette—Oh, I don't think so. I take all my frocks and leave my husband.—Life.

"Fifth grade next year, Johnny?" "Yes, sir." "And you'll be in fractions or decimals then, no doubt?" "No, sir; I'll be in bedwork and perforated squares."—Washington (D. C.) Herald.

"Poor man!" exclaimed the benevolent old lady. "And you say you have no friends?" "No, madam," replied the weary wayfarer; "I used to be a baseball umpire."—Philadelphia Record.

Whigwag—What is your wife mad about now? Henpecke—Her absent-mindedness. She was going to scold me about something and she can't remember what it was.—Philadelphia Record.

"Tell me," said Miss Witherspoon. "Mr. Newnam remarked to you that I didn't show my age, didn't he?" "Not exactly," he said; you were careful to conceal it," replied Miss Frank.—Philadelphia Press.

"There are only seven miles of railroad in operation in the whole of Persia." "Too bad!" commented the Hon. Thomas Rott. "It must be mighty hard for a politician to make a living in Persia."—Puck.

Barber—Thank you, sir. I don't often get my tip before I begin. I'm sure I appreciate—Customer (who likes his hair cut in silence)—I don't want you to consider that a tip. It's "hush" money.—Punch.

Mrs. Dashaway—Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the Pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics. Mrs. Newrich—Ugh! Wasn't you afraid some of 'em would git on you?—Philadelphia Record.

"I suppose," remarked the dear girl, "that you do not believe in love at first sight?" "Oh, yes, I do," rejoined the old bachelor. "If men were gifted with second sight they would never fall in love."—Home Magazine.

They were in the parlor of a summer resort hotel. She—John, why do you always occupy the piano stool when you are in the parlor? You can't play a note. He—No one else can, either, while I sit here.—Harper's Weekly.

"Bikins tells me he is getting awfully tired of living alone." "I would think he'd marry and settle down." "I was talking with him about it the other day, and he says he doesn't know whether to get married or buy a phonograph."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Young man," said the merchant, "I hear you've been kicking because you've got so much to do." "Well, yes, sir," replied the clerk, "I do think that." "If I'd we'll have to give you so much more to do hereafter that you won't have time to kick."—Philadelphia Press.

A widow advertised for a man to do odd jobs, and when she arrived home one evening she found a young man waiting to see her. "Well," said the lady, "I want a man to do odd jobs about the house and garden, to run errands, to wash my dog, and to take care of the cats; one that never answers back, and is always ready to do my bidding." Applicant: "You are looking for a husband, ma'am, not a servant. Good evening."—London Spare Moments.

Worse Yet. "People never give me credit for my serious thoughts," complained Lowe Comely. "I can't imagine anything worse than to have folks laugh at you when you really mean to be serious."

"You don't say?" replied Hi Tragedy. "I should think you'd find it worse to have folks not laugh at you when you mean to be funny."—Philadelphia Press.

The One Exception. "I suppose," said the man from the city, "you raise practically everything on your farm?"

"Well, yes, everything," replied the candid farmer, "but the money to make it pay."—Philadelphia Press.

How a thief must laugh to read in the papers that the \$5 watch he stole the night before is valued at \$200 by its owner.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

BACK TO THE FARM.

The last cry has been raised in this country, "Back to the farm." The cities are over-crowded. Employment is difficult to obtain. Wages are insufficient to secure the necessities of life. The prices of all food stuffs are high. These conditions must be remedied, and, as the demand for industrial products is limited, recourse must be had to agriculture. The farm can be made more profitable than a city job.

A year or so ago when London was disturbed by bread riots, there arose among that city's poor a man who thought he could solve the problem. In a small way he began to lead London's poor into the country, establish them on small truck patches, teach them how to raise vegetables and fruit, and his experiment to-day has proven so great a success that London's poor are crowding to the country. The experiment has attracted attention in this country and now philanthropists of New York, Boston, Chicago and other great cities are making plans to send their poor into the country, place them on land, give them a start in farming, and thus help them to become self-supporting citizens. The movement in this country, although just begun, promises to be the most humanitarian of a generation, because it relieves actual suffering, both physical and mental, such as most of us know very little about. England is small; this country is large. If the experiment should prove successful in England, it certainly ought to here.

In raising the cry "Back to the farm" there is no disposition on the part of anyone to crowd the poor out of our large cities. The sole idea is to do good in a much more effective way than the methods that have been in vogue. Practical charity is what is intended, and, if assistance is received in the same spirit as it is offered, there ought to be, before many years, a measurable relief to the conditions that have obtained in our large cities, and made them the centers of the widest contrasts of human existence.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

THE CHURCHES AND SOCIAL REFORM. SIGNS of the times are growing more and more apparent in the work of churches. Instead of devoting themselves to man's eternal welfare as used to be the case, they are growing more and more concerned with this life on earth. Once priests and ministers talked exclusively of heaven and hell. Now they discuss the manner in which men should live in this world, not so much with reference to a future existence as to justice and happiness here.

One Chicago Baptist clergyman, occupying the pulpit of one of the largest and most influential churches in the city, has gone so far in this direction as to convert himself into a social reformer, without consideration of religion as it was once known.

Churches, he says, are usually afraid to denounce injustice, because they are supported by men in positions

of wealth and power; but no fear affects him. He wants the government to take absolute control of all public utilities, to regulate all estates, so that it shall be impossible to pass an estate on to the third generation; to make large landed ownership impossible, and to pension widows, the aged and the helpless.

It is good to see the churches now finding an outlet from the place of indifference in which they are gradually being left by the masses of the people and plunging into questions that deeply interest every thinking man. The religion of the future will, of course, concern itself with man's destiny hereafter, but it will have much more to say than the religion of the past about man's state on earth.

If religious feeling can once be enlisted in the cause of social reform, it will give a tremendous impetus to the progress of civilization.—Chicago Journal.

EMIGRATION PROBLEMS. IT is not often that Americans consider the other side of the immigration question; yet the governments of the countries from which the people come here are troubled over emigration almost as much as immigration perplexes the officers in Washington.

For a number of years from one-half to three-quarters of a million Italians have been leaving home to go to South America or to the United States. Agricultural laborers have become so scarce in many provinces that it is almost impossible to till the land. Italian writers on the subject call attention to the fact that only the very young and the old in those districts remain, the best young blood having gone abroad in search of fortune. When these young men return they are too often broken in health from having submitted to hardship and privation to save money to spend at home.

Complaint of the depopulation of agricultural districts comes from Spain also, although Spanish emigration is small as compared with that from Italy. Germany is not pleased with the departure of hundreds of thousands of able-bodied young men who are needed at home, not only to serve in the army, but to assist in the industrial development of the fatherland and its dependencies. The decrease in population of Ireland is regarded as a striking commentary upon the result of British rule in the island. There are in the United States to-day more native-born Irishmen and children of Irishmen than in all Ireland.

Japan has lately co-operated with the United States in an effort to prevent Japanese laborers from coming to America. The Japanese government gladly did this because it prefers that the people not content at home should go to Korea or some other dependency of the empire rather than cross the ocean to a country where they can do nothing to increase the prosperity of their own land. Even Russia is striving to induce the discontented population in the European part of the empire to migrate to the fertile and pleasant lands of southern Siberia.—Youth's Companion.

BRITISH WARSHIP BELLEROPHON, BIGGER THAN THE DREADNAUGHT.

The latest and biggest thing in the way of seagoing fortresses is the warship Belleophon, of the British navy, which was christened by Princess Henry of Battenberg, King Edward's youngest sister. Though of the class of the Dreadnaught, the Belleophon is of 18,000 tons, 700 more than the earlier ship. A third battleship of this giant class, the Temeiraire, was recently launched.

ALBINO BROWN TROUT. A HOPELESS CASE. Extraordinary Lot of Little Fellows Now in Gotham Aquarium. Extraordinary among fish freaks is a lot of 133 albino brown trout now at the aquarium, says the New York Sun. These queer little fishes were hatched out in the aquarium's hatchery in February. Originally there were 150 of them, of which fifteen died in the first two months. In the last four months only two have been lost, one of these by jumping out of the tank to fall on the floor. Something of the success that has thus far attended the rearing of the fishes hatched from them must be attributed to the facilities which this model hatchery affords for looking after both eggs and fishes; for here with comparatively small lots of eggs, it is possible to give them almost individual care and to insure that all the little fishes shall be properly fed.

Another extraordinary thing about these little albino brown trout is their number as compared with the total number of the hatch of eggs from which they were hatched. Albino fishes are not very common among such varieties as brook trout and lake trout and among brown trout they are very rare, but these 150 albino brown trout were hatched out of a lot of 5,000 eggs; a very remarkable proportion of albinos.

The little albinos are here to be seen all in one tank, while near them is another tank of brown trout of their natural color hatched from the same lot of eggs. Seen thus the little albinos with their almost colorless bodies but with dark set eyes become all the more striking.

The albinos are now growing faster than their little brown brothers, but what will happen to them later nobody can tell, for albino fishes are not so long-lived as fishes of their natural color; they are more delicate and as a rule they die young. If an albino trout should survive after six months and should grow to maturity it could not be expected to live more than half the life of a fish of natural color.

The aquarium has now four albino lake trout surviving out of a lot of eleven albinos of this species received a year ago from the State fish hatchery at Saranac Lake. The largest of these four albino lake trout, which are now between 3 and 4 years old, is now about ten inches in length. They are all striking albino specimens.

The people really do not deserve half the mean things said about them.

Don't hover about your sore spots. (Written by a man who does.)

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Worse Yet. "People never give me credit for my serious thoughts," complained Lowe Comely. "I can't imagine anything worse than to have folks laugh at you when you really mean to be serious."

"You don't say?" replied Hi Tragedy. "I should think you'd find it worse to have folks not laugh at you when you mean to be funny."—Philadelphia Press.

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